

well, this is just another Ezra Pound poem  
except to say  
I could never read or understand the CANTOS  
but I'll bet I carried them around more than  
almost anybody, and all the young boys  
are trying to check them out at the library  
tonight.

#### tarot

the world has a rose in its mouth  
the world has a tongue in its mouth  
the world has blood in its mouth  
the world has me in its mouth  
and I taste like  
vanilla, apricots and  
dogshit.  
when I met Gregory Corso  
he read the tarot cards for me  
and some good cards were pulled,  
then he said, "now, this last card is very  
important; it will really be  
you," and he had many rings on his fingers  
and he wore a medallion  
and a bright red shirt  
and he was high on wine and pills  
and the world had a rose in its mouth  
the world had a tongue in its mouth  
the world had blood in its mouth  
and me in its mouth  
and Gregory held the cards to me  
and I pulled one and it said --  
THE EMPEROR.  
I liked Gregory very much, a  
very fine sort.  
and then he gave a tarot reading for Jon  
Webb  
and one for Louise Webb  
and one for this professor  
but they weren't as lucky  
and we drank and talked the remainder of the  
night and then they left  
and I slept on Jon and Louise's couch  
and the next day I met Corso  
and we drank in a bar on skid row across  
from the train station  
as two bums had a fistfight in the center of  
the bar  
and the bartender was a 280 pound woman  
with the word LOVE



tattooed above her right wrist  
as the world spit out the rose  
and one of the bums fell to the floor  
losing the fight  
and as the other kicked him in the ribs  
I bought Gregory another  
drink. I liked him very much, a very  
fine sort.

### Eleven

now I've been to the tracks for 32 years  
and I've seen some strange things  
but the other day  
it's the first race  
they're putting them into the gate  
I'm 3 or 4 away from the betting window  
I want to bet five win  
when the announcer says, "The flag's up!"  
I am about to say, "Eleven,"  
and this arm comes up from below me with a five  
in its hand and the voice says,  
"Eleven," and I grab the arm by the wrist  
and look down and here's some guy on his hands and  
knees, he's crawled up under me and  
I hold his wrist and tell him,  
"just wait a god damned minute!"  
and then I say, "Eleven,"  
and I get my ticket just as the buzzer rings  
shutting off the machines  
and I go out to watch the race.  
the Eleven runs up to fourth around the final curve  
then falls back.  
I lost my five dollars  
and I saved him five,  
but I wondered what could look so good about a  
fifteen to one shot  
reading up off of an eight to one morning line.  
this man actually crawled on his knees,  
his hands and knees and came up under me  
with a loser.  
I almost hit him  
but I got my ticket  
and I saw the cop running up to ask this man  
what he was doing  
and then I went out to see the Eleven come up to  
4th., then fall  
back. I still don't understand  
it. it was a bad bet.